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Again in December
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carried a greater volume of school advertising than any other magazine in America.
 If you do not find, in this largest of School Directories, the school you are seeking for your boy or girl, write for further information to Kenneth N. Chambers, Director, Harper's Bazar School Bureau, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

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 You will be interested in this two months' outing with its Gypsy Hike, 24 days and same direction of boys, its decent housing and proper leading of growing youth. Civilizing savages is the job. Write now for further information—
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 Are you thinking of sending your boy to camp this year? If so, Camp Passumpsic suits your requirements. Apply for booklet to
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 An Ideal Camp for Girls on Hudson's Bay, Lake Champlain. 10th Year. Nature study, woodcraft, sports and crafts, swimming, tennis, sailing, canoeing, horseback riding, and other outdoor sports. Tuition, board, and rooming. Address: CAMP CHAMPLAIN, New York City.

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 All the fun of summer at the Cape Cod house with a few days of study. Full preparatory and college courses. Tuition, board, and rooming. Address: BONNIE DUINE, Cape Cod, Mass.

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 Senior and Junior camps for girls, under 20. Running and swimming, canoeing, sailing, horseback riding, and other outdoor sports. Tuition, board, and rooming. Address: THE TEELA-WOODCOT CAMPS, New York City.

CAMP MESACOSA
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 Full preparatory and college courses. Tuition, board, and rooming. Address: CAMP MESACOSA, Catskill, New York.

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 Full preparatory and college courses. Tuition, board, and rooming. Address: SARGENT CAMP, New Hampshire.

Asheville School Summer Camp
 For Boys
 IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS
 JULY 8-AUG. 31
 Perfect Weather for Outdoor Life
 Everything that Boys Like
 Asheville School, Asheville, N. C.

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 Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
 Full preparatory and college courses. Tuition, board, and rooming. Address: NAVAL ACADEMY, Annapolis, Md.

Learn Costume Designing

Clothes are one of the most interesting things in the world. They are based on artistic ideas, require beautiful materials, and are literally the foundation for every kind of success that comes through personal contact. Many a woman owes her social supremacy and financial prosperity to the confidence inspired by correct attire. When you design clothes you are creating success not only for yourself, but, if you make it a business, for other people. You also have the satisfaction of knowing that you are contributing towards a recognized art, and that you yourself have taken your place among the artists of the world.

Edith Brown



Not only does the Brown Salon Studio course in costume designing teach you how to put your ideas in a usable, concrete form for others, but it teaches you how to draft patterns and make the clothes and millinery yourself. It covers every department of dress in such simple, comprehensive language, illustrated with diagrams and drawings, that no matter how great a novice you may be, you can learn it. Each lesson is a logical step in the mastering of the art, and is completed before the next lesson is given. Mr. Brown has studied in Paris, London, Vienna and Petrograd, and his course embodies the best methods and technique gleaned in these great fashion centers.

Edith Brown Costume and Millinery Design de Luxe

Have More Clothes for Less Money

YOU know from experience that if you are not quite certain how you want your dress, suit, wrap or hat made, you are compelled to patronize an expensive establishment, where a clever—and consequently highly paid—man or woman is at hand to do the planning for you, or to supplement your ideas. But if you can design your own clothes, the “little” dressmaker, tailor or milliner, who has the knack of giving but who has no ability to create, can make them perfectly.

Our woman, who is as well-known in Europe as in this country, and whose clothes are as famous as her entertainments, has had everything made for years by a “little” dressmaker who sewed in her home—this leader in the New York social world had learned to design in Paris.

The power to create clothes in keeping with her personality is latest in every woman. So, in addition to making it possible for you to have more clothes for less money, a knowledge of costume designing will enable you to have distinctive clothes that will reflect your own individuality. To have all the clothes you need and the kind you want for a comparatively modest outlay, you have only to learn to design them for yourself.

Enjoy a Satisfactory Income

IF you know costume designing, you can design for magazines, dressmaking establishments, exclusive shops, the big department stores, for manufacturers of women's clothes, the stage, moving-pictures, and scores of similar enterprises.

For instance, an American woman visiting in San Juan, Porto Rico, whose husband died from influenza a little over a year ago, and who found that her finances no longer permitted her to spend the winter in the hotel of an expensive resort, went to New York to consult Mr. Brown regarding a business opening. On investigating his course in costume designing, she declared that it was so simple and plain that a Chinese Buddha could learn it, and forthwith set to work. She completed the course in forty-eight lessons, then designed, drafted and actually made a collection of lovely clothes and millinery, and sailed for Porto Rico with them. There she gave a fashion show that was a social event at the fashionable hotel, where she had been an idle guest only six months before.

She scored such a financial success that she is planning four trips a year to New York with the designing and making of collections as a permanent business. There is no other profession in which, given an average degree of talent, you can achieve business and financial success in so short a time.

Be a Producer

YOU want to be a worth-while woman—to have your mind highly developed and your outlook broadened—to count as a productive unit in a world that needs every one's work. Then you couldn't do better than to learn costume designing. Whether you want to give your whole time to it, and make it a special profession, or pleasantly occupy those hours left free by modern methods of housekeeping, it will meet your every requirement.



This morning gown, which was designed (see sketch at upper right) and made in the Brown Salon Studio, shows the practical work done by the pupils. Of arched tulle edged with calico chiffon and draped with steel-pink net, it has both grace and distinction.

The Brown Course Covers

EVERY field of dress—sketching costumes; creating distinctive suits and wraps; daytime frocks and evening gowns; the making of patterns; modeling and draping materials; dressmaking; and the outlining and making of smart millinery. It consists of lessons which may be taken under the personal direction of Mr. Brown in his Fifth Avenue studio, or by mail. The course usually requires a period of three or four months for its completion, depending, of course, upon the ability of the student.

The increasing demand for designers from the Brown Salon Studio has made it necessary for Mr. Brown to move into a new and enlarged establishment. He has secured an entire floor at 605 Fifth Avenue, where he has opened a unique as well as the most complete studio in this country for the teaching of costume and millinery design.

Study Designing by Mail

Distance No Obstacle

THE Brown Studio course is arranged so simply and logically, and the drawings and explanations are so clear, that one can readily grasp the principles even though studying in one's own home. Sometimes students who have taken the home course like to go to New York for a few finishing lessons in the studio, in order to have the inspiration that comes from the personal direction of Mr. Brown. But whether or not you should want to visit New York, you will find the home course intensely interesting, enjoyable and profitable.

One graduate of Brown's Studio is receiving several thousand dollars a year as a designer in a Fifth Avenue establishment. Another is designing for balls of a New York hotel. Another creates for moving-picture productions. Still another designs costumes for vaudeville and another for moving picture actresses, and all are receiving salaries far greater than they could achieve in so short a time in any other field.

The demand for designers of smart clothes has never been so great as at this time, and clothes have never brought such high prices. Now is the logical time to take up this course, so that you may have smart clothes for less money, and at the same time fit yourself for a profitable vocation. In order to receive full information, fill in and mail the coupon below, now, while you think of it.

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Dep. B-42, 625 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, full information regarding your course.

Name

Address

BROWN'S SALON STUDIOS
620 Fifth Avenue
New York

San Francisco Studio open June to Oct.—address as above



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Every important improvement that has transformed this "plaything" into an exquisite and eloquent instrument of the musical arts originated with the Victor. The Victor plant, the largest and oldest of its type in the world, is the world-center of great music.

No other organization in the world is so

qualified by experience, by resources, and by artistic equipment to produce *supreme quality* as the Victor Company. Its products convey more great music by great artists to more people throughout the world than all other makes combined.

The pioneer in its field, the Victor Talking Machine Company today remains the pre-eminent leader. The famous trademark "His Master's Voice," with the little dog, is on every Victrola (look inside the lid) and on the label of every Victor Record. It is your guarantee of the highest musical quality. Look for it. Insist upon finding it. If you wish the best, buy nothing which does not contain this trademark.

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FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE OF LA BOHÈME PERFUME

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

Phyllis Bottoms's Novel

(Continued from page 6.)



Horstense
Gage

A WOMAN'S hat unfailingly reflects her taste, her type, herself.

A GAGE HAT, selected with discrimination, gives the wearer a confident sense of expressing herself at her best.

There is a Gage model for you at your Gage dealer's.

Gage
BROTHERS, INC.
PRODUCERS
OF CORRECT
MILLINERY

NEW YORK PARIS CHICAGO

Arnold headed right, and got his position.

"You taught your mother for Elise too, and you know what happens when two dogs get on to a bone? Well, that's what happened to Elise. Then I consented for you to go to Europe. It struck me people in Europe had always liked fighting, and you were getting wasted in a civilized country like America."

"You made a mistake in marrying a European, because Europeans were expected to have a life of their own, but, push—Prince Gilda made a greater mistake in marrying you."

"Hermione Brett, if that young man is put into a low class in the next world, make no mistake about it—you'll find the old. You've driven him towards vice more surely than any poor girl who gets a hastily earned living by it—and it wasn't your profession. You had money. Then you brought a child into the world and left it. There may be a chubbier than a child, the creature that is, but I don't know it. I guess spending with trust funds is a kind action compared with leaving a little child to grow up motherless."

"I did not have my child!" cried Hermione passionately.

"No, Hermione," said Mr. Brett severely. "Your husband said he wanted the child to grow up in his own country, but he could not separate it from you if you were to live there, and let him come into the house for three months of the year, so that he could be with the child part of the time. You could have kept it. He offered to draw up a deed of separation on those lines—and you refused."

"I couldn't live in Romania," said Hermione sharply. "The climate would have killed me, and Gilda's word was not to be trusted."

"His deed was," said Mr. Brett imperiously. "Very large financial interests hang on his keeping his word. I drew it up myself, and I had guarantees."

THERE was a long silence. Mr. Brett

stuffed heavily. The dark pockets under his eyes looked deeper than ever.

"I guess I'll die before you," he said, as if he were speaking to himself.

"I guess I'll die pretty quick," said Mr. Brett. "There's lots of mistakes I've made, some of them like on my pretty heavy at times. But I've come out of blasphemy. I haven't called what I wanted, 'the will of God.' But what's going to pull you through when you come to the other side, Hermione, I don't know. You've lied to yourself as to this and that, guess there isn't anything in you that isn't what you don't expect, and you've deceived a crowd of people. Your wife helped you, and your looks, and all the people who depended on you, or ought to have depended on you, you've let down."

"Well, I'm your father. Seeing what you are don't let me out of that. But I've told you the truth, and it don't let you out either. If you want to try to get the better of me—start trying. I don't say you won't be able to do a cruel bit of harm before I down you, but I guess I'm going to down you, if that Vietnamese doctor was worth what I gave him to stiffen me up."

Mr. Brett rose slowly, as he spoke, and wandered to the north window. From it he could see Elise and John upon the lawn. John was reading, and Elise was leaning over his shoulder, and both were looking at her. No election could have seemed more impressive to Elise.

"I don't know, Hermione," said Mr. Brett unexpectedly, "that the person I'm not serious for after all."

Hermione made no answer to this statement. She lay as still as a statue with her face turned to the wall.

Mr. Brett saw that the sun was in her eyes, and he pulled the blind down gently to shield her face, before he left the room.

MR. BRETT was suddenly aroused from his sleep by the noise of John in a great dressing-gown standing at the foot of his bed. John had switched the light on and there was no more color in his face than on a blank sheet of paper.

"Hermione's ill," he said urgently. "I hate to disturb you, but she's most awfully ill. We've got the doctor's with her now. Can't you hear her screaming?"

Mr. Brett listened. Maudie was a solid, deep-built house, and his room was on the opposite wing to his daughter's, with the door shut, but he could distinctly hear a high screaming sound like the shriek of wind in a broken chimney.

"Well, she ain't dying from lung complaint," said Mr. Brett after a pause.

He made no effort to get up, he merely eyed John with serene thoughtfulness over the bed clothes.

"What do you want me to do about it?" he asked.

"The doctor thought I ought to tell you,"

said John, a little reproachfully. "Nothing seemed to soothe her. Every man and woman she screams for you. It's awful to see her, her eyes are nearly starting out of her head. She never comes across my mind."

"I guess I'll see the doctor before I get up," said Mr. Brett considerably. "What's been done to soothe her anyway?"

John hesitated.

"The doctor gave her a powerful sedative," he explained, "but I guess we've kept everything so tight that could help. I guess need to get rid of Roger."

Mr. Brett was suddenly startled by a sound of slight laughter.

"John," he murmured as soon as he could speak, "you're a good boy, but you don't show staying power. That ball carrier's a tramp card; you don't want to throw him away in the first round. He's game of a symbol that a streaky laws. Don't you do anything hasty with Roger. You have him turned out, say so, or I'll have him back soon, bringing his shavers with him. But I don't want to get up unless I have to; it'll disturb my digestion. You send that doctor man in to talk to me, and get Elise back into her own room. Hermione has her nurse, and she can scream just as well with her in the room with a crowd of people standing round gazing at her, but maybe she won't want to."

"I don't think you understand, sir, how ill she is," said John gravely. "She is quite delirious, she doesn't know whether we are there or not."

Mr. Brett shook his head.

"I guess she's just as conscious as the nurse is to be in such a position," he said dully. "Unconsciousness sets in with Hermione when other people want to make their own beds, I've seen her seriously fainting about Roger first thing to-morrow morning."

John withdrew, unconvinced and shocked. At the moment he drew a rash of sweat poured into his nose.

Mr. Brett lay perfectly still listening to it. Tomorrow, and suffering from nervous attacks when she was angry and when she thought she was hurt she was always angry. But she had never seen seriously fainting about Roger first thing to-morrow morning.

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But she had never seen seriously fainting about Roger first thing to-morrow morning.

John withdrew, unconvinced and shocked.

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You no longer write with a quill

It's steel pens and fountain pens nowadays; and limousines; and electric lights; and sewing machines; and—

Faust Instant Coffee

THE PURE, REFINED, SOLUBLE COFFEE

These new comforts seemed revolutionary until we saw them developed—saw the new convenience, economy and satisfaction of enjoying them. Housewives have learned that Faust Instant is pure, refined coffee, only more convenient—economical—easier to flavor right.

“A little powder in the cup—add boiling water”

It's so much better than a coffee pot with its waste and grounds and mess and inconvenience. Your dealer has Faust Instant Coffee and Tea in cans of three sizes—45c, 85c, \$1.60. If not, send us his name and your order.

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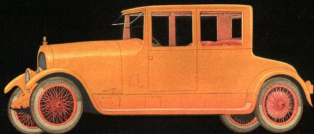
Makers of the World-Famous Faust Coffee and Tea, and the rare seasoning, Faust Chile Powder.



MARMON 34

A motor car built to a new degree of accuracy—so smooth in operation, so immune to trouble and wear as to be an entirely new experience for the motoring world. A motor car that truly reflects the great lessons we learned in building aircraft engines for the government—that is the new series Marmon 34.

NOBLET & MARMON COMPANY
Established 1911 INDIANAPOLIS





Pompeian

NIGHT CREAM

Brings Beauty while You Sleep

EACH morning when you rise you find the tired lines of yesterday softened and the skin refreshed if you habitually apply before retiring Pompeian NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream). It brings, while you sleep, the beauty of a soft, youthful skin. Pompeian NIGHT Cream is for sale at toilet counters at 80c.

Other popular Pompeian toilet preparations are Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), which removes face shine; Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on; Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble; and Pompeian FRAGRANCE, a talcum with an exquisite new odor which will delight you.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY

Also Made in Canada

Cleveland, Ohio



THE MISCHIEF-MAKER

Phyllis Buttom's Novel

Continued from page 128

doing the right thing, but he felt that neither he nor John would have understood his reasoning clearer to the doctor.

The servants, white and trembling, were all assembled in the big hall waiting to the acute and terrible moment that Eldest the house. Mr. Brett looked at them contemptuously over the banisters.

"You can all make tracks for bed," he said in his steady, soothing drawl. "You can take my word for it—when there's that amount of noise in an illness, there's no immediate danger. All except the cold, and she's cold and up some but she'll be in bed, and Mrs. Newington's apartment."

Then he opened Hermione's door and walked to the foot of her bed. Even Mr. Brett was momentarily impressed by Hermione's appearance. Her face was hardly brown—it was wild and strained beyond recognition, her fiery eyes had an awful stare in them of blank terror. She had reached the extreme point of consciousness, beyond which the mind passes out of the power of personality.

"I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!" screamed Hermione.

In the shadowy stillness of the room her tones gathered an awful beating force. They neither changed their accent, nor their sound, but came on like the regular rise and fall of a piston rod in an engine.

The knot in a crumpled heap on the floor by her sister's bed, trying to hold one of Hermione's burning, iron hands. The other clutched and clucked persistently at the counterpane.

Nurse Davies made her push by the bedside. John and Dr. Raymond dug together by the window, as if their mutual impotence was a protection to them.

Mr. Brett faced his daughter considerably. He faced his quiet-dominating eyes upon hers, without anxiety, for one astonishing moment the room emptied itself of sound.

Mr. Brett said steadily and gently: "Thank you, I gave you better my best."

Nobody knew what he meant or guessed that, in that instant's pause, he had passed a life sentence upon himself. His words hardly reached Hermione's rendered and excited brain, but something in his presence succeeded in bringing to her the mental concentration of her mind. The pupils of her eyes contracted suddenly—she had recognized him.

A few moments later the screaming began again, but it had lost its regularity. There were moments when it fell into vague mutterings.

Dr. Raymond stepped forward and felt her pulse again.

"I think, the relative is taking hold now," he said with satisfaction.

Mr. Brett drew an armchair forward beside the bed.

"I'll stay here till morning," he said to the doctor. "You carry out your part of the programme now. I guess the Princess doesn't need an audience for a nap."

Dr. Raymond closed the room except for Nurse Davies, and after giving her a few orders withdrew. It was a pleasing case, but there was no doubt the house crisis was over.

Mr. Brett drew out of his dressing gown pocket a small and much worn book. It was called "The Casting Away of Mrs. Locks and Mrs. Alabaster," by Dr. Franz Stuckson. Mr. Brett perused it to any other novel.

Hermione still screamed at irregular intervals, but during one of her quiet moments Mr. Brett said to the nurse:

"Now, Nurse Davies, it's not going to do a bit of good. She's too long and strong. You just go into the next room and get a little rest. If there's any change in the Princess's condition I'll tell you."

Nurse Davies hastened, but, to her surprise, Hermione slowly opened her eyes and looked at her with acquiescent consciousness.

"Yes," she said, "leave me with my father. Then she closed her eyes again."

WHEN Mrs. Brett and Hermione were alone, Mr. Brett drew up the blind and moved the window blind; then he returned to his armchair, pulled a thick rug over his knees, arranged the reading lamp, and that he shed a light over Hermione's face, and settled to his reading.

For an hour or more Hermione slept the deep sleep of intense exhaustion; then she woke with a start and found her strained eyes on her father's face.

"Is that you, Papa?" she asked quickly.

"Am I going to die?"

Mr. Brett shook his head.

"No, Hermione," he said, "you'll live on yet awhile. I'm not a betting man, but I'd take odds on it. Do you want that I should read out loud to you 'The Casting Away of Mrs. Locks and Mrs. Alabaster'?"

"I don't know a book more calculated to soothe the sick or comfort the downhearted. It doesn't say it's like this—but it's the way life

might be like if we took irregular things more regularly."

"No, I don't want to be read to," she whispered. "I want to talk to you. I think I can now. I can see what I want to say."

Mr. Brett leaned forward and lit a spirit lamp beside the bed.

"Well," he said, "let's have some soup first. You can talk all you like on any soup, but if you start on an empty stomach, there's no saying where you'll land up."

Hermione drank the soup with perfect cheerfulness, and, leaning back on her pillow, began to speak in a low, fervent voice, with momentary pauses, but without intermission. Her eyes fixed themselves on Mr. Brett's face with the intensity of the earnest listener.

Mr. Brett put down "The Casting Away of Mrs. Locks and Mrs. Alabaster," and leaned forward, so that he could catch her low humming voice without effort. The night-light cast wild shadows on his gray face and deep-set, patient eyes. He listened with an attempt to imagine Hermione's story, but the story of her childhood. In the long hours of her delirium her mind had built up and stored an attractive picture of her character, act in the glowing details of her life.

SHE told her father of the inner devotion of her childhood, her mother's constant struggle, and the shadowed inter-ference between her beautiful young mother and herself. She struck again and again at the great, unchangeable, patient, but in his neglect, his half-participation of his wife, chosen from motives of selfishness and hate.

"I was a fighter," she said bitterly.

"You were a fighter," he said bitterly.

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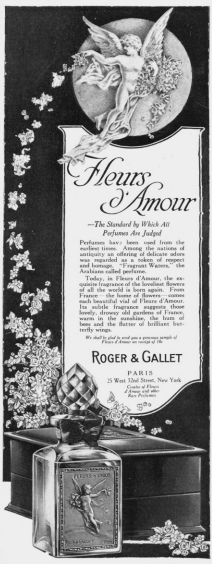
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ROGER & GALLET

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A Bit of Trimming

THE most severe and unattractive house dress can be transformed into a morning frock of charming simplicity—with just a bit of Oxo Bias Tape as a trimming.

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MIDDLETOWN, CONN.



Her Secret

I appreciate the new beauty building.
I believe in your Secret Cream and I
am a convert to recommend it.

Lenore Ulric

If you admire the radiant complexion of such beautiful women as Lenore Ulric, Geraldine Farrar, Frances Starr, Peggy Wood, Hani Daxon, Ruth Huxley, Ellen Kravyn and Lillie Burke, you will be interested to know that each one of them uses and recommends Crème Nerol. Crème Nerol has earned the reputation of "unexcelled beauty-building results."

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I want you to use Crème Nerol. I am confident that once you know the joy of using this wonderful cream, once you feel its beautiful softness on your skin, once you relax the tired facial muscles with a Nerol application, once you note the beautifying results, and when your friends begin to compliment you on your improved complexion, you will never again be without Crème Nerol.

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NEW YORK—Altman, Franklin Simon, Lord & Taylor, McCord, Saks, Stern, BRIDGE—Lover, BOSTON—Jordan Marsh, CHICAGO—Marshall Field

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Graceful

Sparkling

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of

Youth



Suits for Spring

So lovely that they grace the most formal occasion with a dainty elegance. They convey to the wearer that well-bred, exquisitely groomed effect that the fastidious woman seeks. They are conceived with all the indescribable witchery of youth. Their choice fabrics, supreme hand-tailoring and artistic finish have attained highest recognition wherever exclusive costuming is known and refined young women congregate.

Throughout the country the most exclusive shops deem it a privilege to exhibit "The House of Youth" Suits.



Schulman & Hauptman

"THE HOUSE OF YOUTH"

38-40-42 East 29th St., New York

La-May Face Powder Is Harmless to the Most Delicate Skin

A SPECIALIST has at last perfected a pure face powder that is guaranteed harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies wonderfully, because it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion from blemishes. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, every one knows the famous La-may Powder (French, Poudre L'Amé). This is the powder that does not contain starchy rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that ruins the complexion by causing enlarged pores, blackheads, and rice-powder

irritations. Five thousand dollars reward will be given any chemist who finds that La-may contains any white lead or rice powder. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will also give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. Herbert Roystone, Dept. B, 16 East 18th Street, New York. Save this notice.



REAL FRENCH HAIR NETS

The old original quality
\$1.00 a dozen; worth double

"SLIPPON"

cup shaped Hairnets
in small or large sizes

\$1.00 a dozen;
worth double

We can furnish any
kind or shade of
Hairnets.



"FRINGE"

straight shaped Hair-
nets in extra large size

White and Gray Hair-
nets in cup or straight
shape. \$1.50 a dozen

Mailed free anywhere
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IMPORTERS: **GEORGE ALLEN, Inc.** Established 1890
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REDUCE *Easily & Naturally*

Three slices of Easy Bread a day --
Reduces your weight in a natural way

What one woman says:

Doctors: Essential Foods Co.
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Gentlemen: -- My course of
Easy Bread is just completed.
I have lost seventeen pounds,
purified, and enjoyed the best
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you soon.

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Your friends must have told you about Easy Bread, now
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Easy Bread is not a medicine or drug, but a wholesome
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By simply eating three slices of Easy Bread a day, thousands
of people have retained their normal weight. No dieting.
No medicine. No income tax.

You will be very much interested in the Easy Bread, which
is an authoritative statement on Obesity, its cause and cure,
for the year 1924.

DOCTORS' ESSENTIAL FOODS CO. 39 Oakwood Avenue
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So excited over new
CONNELLA Rompers
he just couldn't make
his hands behave!



CONNELLA FLANNEL

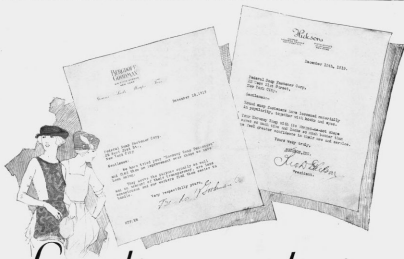
In the Nursery
along with picture books
and cows that moo
—he first knows
CONNELLA.
It snuggles him close and warm
in cozy nightgowns or pajamas
when Jack Frost stirs the coverlet
—or when he sits
on draughty floors.
He notices
CONNELLA is another one
of those privileges
which Sister demands
to share with Brother.
And as he grows older
he becomes apparent that
Big Brother, Dad, and Mother
—not to mention Nurse
and grown-up Geraldine
—have all discovered the
soft comfort, good looks
and honest wear of
CONNELLA—the flannel
that doesn't shrink.
It's the family flannel
and just as you
won't waste time
looking for the family likeness
among uninitiated strangers,
CONNELLA has had its
calling card engraved and
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CONNELLA NEVER
SHRINKS



Obtainable at All The Best Stores

E. McConnell & Co.
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Leading couturiers

In 1900,
the Hook & Eye



Among our grandmothers, even, the hook and eye was the accepted fastener for a lady's gown.

In 1910
the Round Snap



What a wonderful invention it was! But now comes a new improvement, the latest thing in snap fasteners.

In 1920
the new Shape
Forget-me-not

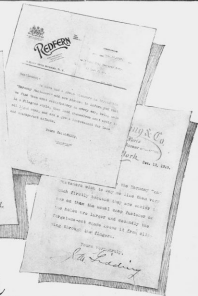
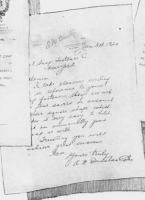
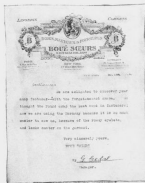


Easier to handle, more quickly sized on! How flat and small they look on the fabric; how fast they hold—till you release them. Rust-proof always.

WHAT'S this about a new improved snap fastener? What does Forget-me-not mean?

Fashionable American dressmakers know—they have discovered Harmony Forget-me-not Snaps, and adopted them for all their beautiful creations. They find that the new shape makes these snaps easier to handle; keeps them from slipping through the fingers. They know that the large sewing-eyelets save so much of the sewer's time; the rounded edges do not cut the thread; the snaps look smaller and flatter on the fabric; and—they hold fast! For all kinds of uses, the Forget-me-not shape makes these snaps easy to handle, quickly sewed on.

The finest frocks must have the finest fasteners. So say the fashion leaders who inaugurate the mode. And here in their letters you can read for yourself what they all say about Harmony Forget-me-not Snaps.



make them "the fashion"

USE Harmony Forget-me-not Snaps on your spring wardrobe. You will find them a tremendous improvement over anything you have ever tried.

On that important place, the placket, on the shoulder or under-the-arm closing, the dependable spring will reassure you. On the filmy georgette or dainty lace that is so smart this spring, the new shape is less conspicuous. Once you use it you'll always remember this new shape—Forget-me-not.

Federal Snap Fastener Corporation
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Harmony
Forget-me-not
Snaps



Look for the
new shape

Harmony Forget-me-not Snaps are 20 cents a card at your dealer's; look for the new shape—Forget-me-not. If he hasn't them, send us his name and address and we will send you a trial card, any size, free, with our interesting Premium Book.

The MACHINE that SAVED RONNY'S FACE

Royal Brown's Story

(Continued from page 13)



Tweed-O-Wool
Suits and Coats

The English Idea in American Outdoor Apparel

EQUALLY at home on the open road or on the most exclusive avenue—a Tweed-O-Wool Suit will be the favored garment in your wardrobe.

They are fashioned on smart English lines, so distinctive that they appeal particularly to the woman accustomed to custom tailoring.

The fabric is of pure worsted, knitted closely, damp-proof, wind-proof and so smooth and sturdy that it is almost wear-proof.

You can see Tweed-O-Wool, Suits, Coats and Riding Habits at Hatter-dresses, Cloisters and Apparel Stores or write to our Fashion Bazaar.

THE M & M COMPANY
Scranton, Pa.

sider. But Randall was a hard young man to vanquish. "I tell you what we can do, if you want to get it," he said. "We can run over to the Flying Saucer Hill house—I won the invitation there last season—"

"That was your guess?" demanded Ronny. "The same as my bet," he replied modestly. "I'll go to-morrow," promised Ronny.

THAT was the beginning in Standish of Ronny's reputation of being, among other undesirable things, a man's woman. At almost any hour of the day one could hear a feminine chorus announce that she was shameless, meaning that she used Randall to improve her golf, even as Oliver used her supervising her wayward in tennis. But Ronny was content. June had reached its perihelion; every immediate evil outrage in Standish blossomed forth amidst a riot of crimson summer roses. Old-fashioned flower-gardens scented the air, the hedges flourished in sort of a green ecstasy, and the tracheas of marshmallows, mauls and spindly quivered in passionate beauty under the sun's direct rays. To her father Ronny wrote:

"If it gets any beautiful I shall bust. When are you coming? I'll take you sailing. Oliver will loan me his boat. If I promise not to (be) and I'll show you the oldest windmill on Cape Cod and the loveliest cranberry bog. It really ought to be called a cranberry poem, it's so wonderful. It's like a perfect olive complexion with a rich undertone of red. I've never seen anything like it."

P. S. What's making another million compared to seeing all this—and me besides?"

From which it must be apparent that not only was Ronny enjoying tennis, but that her acquaintance with Oliver had progressed to the first name stage. The same was true of her acquaintance with Randall. And Oliver and Randall had progressed to that point where they gave each other the message gloves one opponent glove another. Only it was no longer golf or tennis, but the oldest game on earth they were playing.

One night, in July, they met in Fall Lane, which is a short cut to a road that runs along the neck, where were crowded many pretty and desirable girls. A month before, no meeting, Randall or Oliver would have blithely inquired whether away, and if they had been bound to the same destination they would have walked along talking gaily and with spontaneity. But that was a month before.

To-night they fell into a silence which held until the white canvas of the old Endicott house, shining in the glow of a rising full moon, came into view. Then Randall stopped abruptly.

"Oliver," he said, "it's no use treading in pairs any more."

"Well," demanded Oliver.

"Let's turn up for it. Heads I go to-night, tails I go to-morrow night. After that we'll alternate."

"It's a go," surprised Oliver.

Leads was with Oliver. Randall let slip abruptly without his steps, until he came to a vista that opened out on to the sea, manifest in a gloss of silver above the moon's embosking. Fear was the first note, but Randall was not out of tune. He sat down at the edge of an old wharf and surrendered to melancholy. His soul to go back in New York; there were things that needed his attention. Somehow these things seemed less important than this and a month later. Only he had determined he would never marry until he was rich. Now—now he gazed at the moon and wondered unobscuredly how Ronny and Oliver were getting along.

As it happened they were getting along jocularly, for Oliver was glad to see a man that Ronny might have preferred the coin to tell the other way. They were on the veranda that overlooked the sea, the scudding light at the harbor entrance. She was looking at the moon. He was not looking at the moon.

SHE glanced up and met his eyes. "I can see all this," she said.

Oliver felt a little relieved—he had not been thinking of the other at all. "You are very fond of your father," he ventured.

"I adore him!" Her eyes went back to the sea. "I can't love him without loving your father that I belong to him. He has done so many things—like things."

And the glowing remembrance still in Oliver's breast, like a mouse that has been a pirate queen, to the moonlight her profile was pure, sweet and strong. At first she had amazed him. Just when and how the change had come he did not know. All that he did know was that she admired men who did things—big things and that because he did nothing he was contemptible. He was contemptible, for the first time, of a life gone away.

(Continued on page 135)

Individual Footwear



Swope's Catalogue

for the Spring season illustrates the most individual of the authentic fashions in footwear, hosiery and accessories.

A copy of this dependable buying guide will be sent for the asking. Free delivery everywhere.

Swope Shoe Co.
916 Olive St. St. Louis.

"Sa Camille"
Reg. Trade Mark, U. S. Pat. Office

A FRONT LACE CORSET
distinguished for its high quality. It has the Venilo back and Venilo Front Shield.

Recently a new feature has been added, the LOX-IT Non-Tilting Clasp, an improvement in corset fastenings which does not gap or come unfastened.

Catalog and name of nearest dealer will be sent on request.



LOX-IT
Perfect Non-Tilting Clasp

Sold in New York at
LA CAMILLE CORSET STUDIO
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INTERNATIONAL CORSET COMPANY
114 to 112 Union Street Aurora, Illinois, U. S. A.

Science Has Discovered How to End Gray Hair



Gray Hair Disappears in from 4 to 8 Days

For years science has sought a way to end gray hairs other than the old fashioned, crude, greasy dyes.

Now that way is found. In hundreds of laboratory tests, and to thousands of women Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer has proved itself beyond question.

Leading hair dressers and beauty specialists have ap-

proved it. And women who preferred gray hair to using old fashioned dyes now have restored their hair to its natural color with this scientific hair color restorer.

It is a pure, clear, colorless liquid. Simply comb it through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy. And positively will not wash off.

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

This Convincing Test Free

To end gray hairs is as important as the powder you use daily. For gray hairs greatly detract from your beauty. And with this scientific hair color restorer women no longer hesitate.

One trial will give you an idea of the wonderful results of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. You can make that trial free.

Send in the coupon today. Mark the exact color of your hair. We will send you free a trial bottle and our special comb.

Try it on a single lock of your hair. Note the results. And how dainty it is to use. Then you, too, will end your gray hair.

Mail the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1843 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Accept No Imitations
For Sale By Druggists Everywhere

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
1843 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
I have used the your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am well satisfied & am now for accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is
Black... jet black... dark brown...
medium brown... light brown...

Name.....

Street.....

Telephone.....

City..... State.....

